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TRIP TO THE BALKANS AND TURKEY with Maynard.

1873.

Oct. 9 - Dec. 10.

JOURNEY WITH MAYNARD after the Vienna Exposition October 1873

Thursday Oct 9th

The Marchfield for ages the tilting ground of nations where the chiefs of the Huns led their savage hosts to victory and later the stage where were enacted the great tragedies of Wagram and Aspern, this plain lies to the east and south of Vienna and through it passes the railway to Pest , or Budapest as it is now called, The broad fields were red with a heathery verdure as we passed through them on the morning of Oct 9th on our way down the Danube by rail to Budapest. The days in a third class car are always long and this one was by no means an exception. From the plain are seen to the south the blue hills of the little Carpathians and a sharp notch marked on one side by a flat topped hill and on the other by the castle crowned summit which overhangs the river forms the gateway of the Hungarian kingdom - a noble structure of nature strengthened and rendered doubly interesting by the once strong castles and towers. On the way down the river in the steamer one gets a better idea of the importance of this position than from the railway, for the latter turns away, skirts the edges of the hills, passes through a tunnel and finally comes out in Pressburg just below. We passed the forenoon in speculating on the peculiarities of the country we were about to explore and towards noon came to a station where the train halted for dinner. Grapes were abundant and cheap and we began our experience in the enjoyment of them.. The Magyars dress in a costume very simple and peculiar - it takes a sharp eye to distinguish the men from the women. The men wear trousers to below the knee each leg about a yard and a half wide so to all appearances they wear a skirt. A pair of tall boots and a jacket complete the suit with the hat which is of felt or straw, generally of the former material. The garments of the men and women are always white, or at least originally so. All day long we passed by countless small farms and little villages with thatched roofs and when we came to the Danube just above Grau it was a relief to see the water again. At Grau a great cathedral with a dome, huge Roman arches and tall columns stands high up on the cliff over the river and is the most prominent object in the landscape. From here to Pest the railway runs along the river bank everywhere, and the vineyards begin to become more frequent. White clad Magyars drive teams of white oxen with horns spreading from four to six feet and carried home the grapes in huge hogsheads.

Girls with square baskets hung knapsack-like on their backs strolled along homeward after their day's work of gathering grapes and we saw a genuine and a happy harvest home. At each station where we stopped we bought great clusters of grapes ten kreutzers a pound and by the time we reached Budapest our appetite for supper was quite gone. 'Twas about dusk when we came to the city and we walked to our hotel, the "Paunonia" and after our supper and a little gipsy music dreamed of the city we had left behind, of its pleasures and its palaces and thought that while surely there was no place like it, there were very many places bettery and among them Budapest.

Budapest is most beautifully situated along the river bank and its surroundings are charming. Across the river from Pest proper rises the heights of Buda surmounted by a strong fortress. Buda lies partly along the river edge and partly along the top of a cliff up which an inclined railway leads and a dizzy ride to the top may be had. Still higher, and a landmark for miles around, is the fortress which towers over all and makes a square silhouette against the sky. At the foot of the hill the famous Raizen baths are situated where you may bathe with the "διπλοι" for six kreutzers and lounge about all day in the warm mineral water, or you may take a more luxurious steam bath for 60 kreutzers ar a private one still higher. In the common bath the people of both sexes bathe together, the only garment being a sort of towel hung round the waist. The poor people stay in the warm water for hours in the cold weather. There is but one tank and they all pile into this or lie on the stone benches around it. They are often marked over by red spots about the size of a dollar. On investigating the cause of this mark I found a man engaged in cupping a victim. Little zinc cups are used, the air rarified by the simple means of a candle and then the cup is applied to the spot which has been previously lascerated by a knife with eight cutting points. They apply these cups for almost every disease and draw a great deal of blood. 'Twas a curious sight to see these wretched creatures like the spirits in Dante's hell half buried in the steaming liquid and in all attitudes possible to the human form. In the steam bath you undress in a little cabinet, get into the towel arrangement and walk down to a tank of hot water where the first dip almost scalds you. Next, after the first bath has become bearable,

you enter a still warmer one and at last go into the first steam chamber, a room lined with slat benches one above the other and full of steam. This is but one of three steam rooms each hotter than the last and the third almost scalding. Perspiration flows, of course, you take an occasional douche to refresh yourself, drink the cool mineral water and sit or lie around to be steamed. The sensation is not unpleasant though at first it is difficult to breathe the steam. The rubbing chamber is situated next the steam rooms and there is no such torture awaiting the bather as has been so often described. The rubbing and cracking the joints is very agreeable and not painful at all. The bather after he is curried proceeds into the bathing saloon where there are many tanks and a great variety of douches. Occasionally the long hall is darkened and the sound of hidden music accompanies the display of magic lantern pictures on a screen among the stone work at the end of the saloon. The figures, in the dim light look wierd enough and the blue, yellow and red light which falls from above gives a ghastly color to the skin. The columns and arches of the saloon are dimly relieved by the faint light and the really picturesque and beautiful grotto looks doubly fine in color and form. The scene is difficult to describe and the music and the pictures add a new and charming element to it. Next comes the drying room where you are wrapped up in a long linen garment, a linen cap put on the head and a pair of slippers on the feet. Here you lounge and read the papapers or have the corns doctored and the hair barbered. At last you emerge a new man on the surface at least. There are several of these baths in Buda and all were known to and used by the Romans so they are in reality Roman baths. On Margarethan Island, a beautiful island park a mile or so up the river, there is another bath more magnificent than the one described and with quite as good water. In the summer steamboats run continually between this island and the city and the park is much frequented.

The evening at Budapest is most agreeably spent on the Corso, a magnificent avenue along the river bank and high above the quay. The approaches to this avenue are shut and no carriages are allowed to enter after a certain hour. In the early evening the crowd is immense and every costume is seen there from the Magyar with his white full trousers, black jacket and jaunty little hat, to the Turk with his fez or the Greek priest in long robes and tall rimless hat. Along the quay the market

women sell grapes and tons upon tons are there ~~is~~ in baskets and hogsheads. Ten kreutzers will buy more than one can eat and the customers are plenty. I need not add that we were among them. In the evening the streets are not very lively and in fact our visit there with the Jury when all was commotion and gaiety rather spoiled the city for us.

Saturday evening Oct 11. we determined to go to Kolozsvár or Klausenburg and so took our tickets for the 6:30 train. Our compartment was full when we started, and before we had travelled many miles, they nearly all got out and a woman and three children came in then a man and his wife, so we had plenty of business. The children were beautiful little boys as obedient as could be and quiet and good natured. The mother a young pretty Magyar brunette and she spoke German very well. Over the immense plain of Hungary by moonlight all night long! The sky was clear and the full moon lighted up and mystified everything. The horizon was simple - a straight line, rarely a house or a clump of acacia trees broke the silhouette. An occasional herd of cattle with their mounted attendant or a flock of sheep was the only living thing seen. It was like a great American prairie and in the moonlight all was wild and strange. We changed cars twice in the night and managed to sleep a little. Shortly after we left Gross Wardein small hills began to appear and soon we were passing through little quiet valleys where the people were all on their way to the church or were sitting around on the grass. The natives dress in white and wear in place of shoes a leather tied to the foot by thongs like an indian moccasin. The hats are immense and turn up all around. The trousers are of two sorts. The ones worn by the Magyars are of white linen as I previously described with embroidered seams and delicate fringe around the bottom. The Wallachs wear tight fitting woolen trousers and wool jackets as well. The Wallachs wear round the body a leathern belt at least fourteen inches wide and this gives them a very peculiar appearance. The belt is very stiff and is buckled by four brass buckles and often has little pockets for the pipe or other small articles. The cattle most in use among the hills are the buffaloes, an awkward unwieldy black animal resembling a hippopotamus about as much as a cow or ox and having peculiar shaped horns which curl back over the ears and along the neck.

In the summer these beasts, evidently oriental in their origin from the lump on the back and quaint awkward look, have little or no hair, the skin being like india rubber. With the approach of winter comes a coat of fur to keep them warm. Beside these animals the long horned white cattle are used but are not so good. No red or speckled cattle are seen. The valley of the Körös through which we went is beautiful and we enjoyed the fresh landscape very much. About noon the hills were all around us and were as dry and parched as they could be. The roads were all dusty and clouds followed every slowly moving team. Out into a broad flat dry plain and the low houses of Kolozsvár are seen in the distance with the citadel on a prominent hill over the town. Back of the rows of white and low hovels a spire or two gives indications of some better architecture in the interior of the town and the humpbacked cathedral towers over all. Against the sky the bare outlines of dry and scorched hills and all around withered grass, dust and dryness. Through the narrow crooked streets - for all the world like a western city where the aspect is always out upon the prairie, - across a bare and immense square with an attempt at style in the houses bordering it and at last to the hotel Biasini - Latin "Two Asses". We wondered if we were those two for having chosen the hotel. A good Hungarian dinner where the red pepper or paprika is the favorite spice, refreshed us enough to take a short walk and we found more in the town at every turn. We didn't sit up very late or get up with the sun the next day for nineteen hours in a third class car is a long and difficult journey. I did not call on my friend Professor Kovács because it was Sunday and we wanted to sleep so no one knew of our arrival as I had written him of our intended visit not specifying the train we should take.

Monday Morning I found Professor Kovács delighted to see us and we immediately began to make calls upon the friends of the Professor and of Americans and more especially of unitarians. We found Bishop Kriza one of the best souls that ever lived. As dark as an Indian, with long black hair and straight figure he is a perfect picture of a Széklar as one would imagine this people, pure blooded, to be. Mrs. Kriza is lighter but otherwise has a great deal of Széklar character. The daughter Leuke, a young lady about twenty years old is a charming girl. As dark as a negro almost, eyes blacker than black and deep and startling in their brightness. Her features are

as marked as her eyes - she is the very type of what one would imagine a princess of the old Séklars to have been. You can see the character of this brave old race stamped on every feature. Everybody regretted that we didn't come and make ourselves known the day before for there was a society soirée and music and dancing until 4 o'clock in the morning. Think of that O Puritans in New England!

Our first appearance in society was that evening when we were invited to the vineyard of Professor Kovácsi - everybody has a vineyard here. They didn't kill a fatted calf for us but they did the next best thing and we had a sucking pig roast for our benefit. The vineyard was on one of the hills just at the edge of the city and as in almost all vineyards there was a sort of summer house there. The table was set in this building and we coubd sit and look out upon the roofs of the town and the landscape and all around were the tall vines for miles in each direction loaded beyond belief with great clusters of white grapes. Blue grapes are not grown very much here because they are less easily ripened. The harvest is this year unusually good and we had the advantage of the abundance of fruit. How that table was loaded! and how we unloaded it!

It is the custom among the Magyars to speak a great deal at the table. In fact they are all orators and speak as naturally as they eat. So after the first course comes a toast and this sandwiching of speeches and edibles is continued throughout the dinner. I of course had to make a speech which was translated by Prof. Kovács and before the evening was over had to repeat the operation. This is but the beginning mind, wait till we get fairly going I said to myself. When we had eaten till we couldn't swallow another morsel - the Magyar's idea of hospitality is to swamp you with a superfluity of good things - we went down the hill amid the rattle of salutes let off by some unseen hand for our entertainment. After us came the strong servant girl with all the dishes, traps and I should say fifty pounds of grapes in a basket on her head.

Perhaps it will be well for me to give a little review of the history of the Seklars whose hospitality we were enjoying. Transylvania is distinct from Hungary proper lying in the East and perfectly hemmed in by mountains. The country is perhaps 250 miles wide and is divided into several districts. The Séklar land is in

the East along the mountains and there is a small spot near Thorda also séklar land about as large as the Bridgewaters. This little piece was given to the Séklars for defending the county of Thorda against the Tartars in the 13th century. SZÉKLAR is the proper spelling of the word. The tradition of the origin of the race is as follows:

Nimrod had two sons Hunyor and Moger or Magyar (pronounced Modyor). The two sons of the mighty hunter came in the course of their travels and conquests to the mountains of Asia where they had their usual triumph over the people who lived there and they took two of the daughters and married and settled there. From Hunyor came the Huns and from Moger the Magyars. These two people were of course really the same. In 374 the great armies under Attila left the sea of Azof and overrunning what is now Hungary established a great kingdom from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Attila had three sons one of whom, Csaba, resided in the East of Hungary and established the kingdom of the Széklars who kept up their freedom until 889 when they met the Huns in their new invasion and finding they had the same language and the same customs- for they had no idea at all of the existence of each other - they made an alliance and were powerful until the 13 century when the Tartars came in and later lost their liberty altogether under the Austrian domination 300 years ago. The lines: "Szamorú a Magyar nóta Háromszáz esztendö óta" Expresses all. Translated: "The Hungarian time is sad since three hundred years."

Their first acquaintance with America was through the writings of Bóloni Farkas Sandor who travelled in America in 1832 and in '34 published a volume which sold like wildfire but the government forbade a new edition. Since Kossuth was so well received in America the Magyars will do anything for Americans and very often ask to see them simply to come and pay respects and thank them for their sympathies with Hungary and congratulate them on being citizens of a free country. It is indescribable this feeling the Magyars have for Americans - you would not believe it if I were to tell you in detail what they did for us and with what distinguished consideration we were an received everywhere.

I was going on to say how on Tuesday we went to see the town, found beautiful walks and a fine botanical garden with this inscription over the gate: "Minden a Szemnek, Semmi a kéznek!" All for the eyes, nothing for the hands. We visited the

cathedral once a unitarian church , were shown the corner and the stone upon which Francis David preached and converted the whole town to Unitarianism and so it remained until military force restored the Catholic worship there. The University established in '70 has 260 students 45 professors. There are 2 Normal schools, 1 Agricultural college, 3 sectarian colleges (1 catholic, 1 calvinist, 1 unitarian), kindergartens and public schools beside. This for a town of 30000 is pretty well. The great need of the university is of course money. The professors get 660 florins a year or $330. Little enough you see to live on. Well after a ramble through the town we dined with Bishop Kriza and after dinner danced. The two sons and the daughter and a cousin danced the Czárdas - the national dance - and we enjoyed ourselves generally. In the evening we went to the vineyard of Mr. Fekete where we ate till we could hardly walk up in the vines, then came down in the very heart of the vineyard and found a luxurious table spread. Oh my! when I recall what we did get around I wonder at our capacity. Then we had speeches and I made my fourth one that day.

On Wednesday we met Mr. Jakab one of the few who wear the national costume: top boots, tight trousers, close coat with loops of cord instead of buttons and fancy patterns of braid behind and on the trousers. He was a captain of Hussars under Kossuth and is one of the most intelligent and educated men I ever met. How he does talk and what fire there is still in him! He spoke with the greatest bitterness of the domineering spirit of Austria and of the backsliding of the nation. He is a thorough patriot and one of the men who would not hesitate to sacrifice everything for their country - a strange and rare character now a days I think. He is a powerful writer and was engaged in preparing a history of the rebellion of '48 but was informed that if he didn't desist he would be imprisoned again (he was once kept in a long time) and he and his wife burned up in one evening all the documents he had been engaged in collecting for 20 years, just in time to prevent their falling into the hands of the gendarmes. His greatest fear is that his children will not be as patriotic as he is and he trains them up as well as he can. His library is a sight to see. Thousands of books, many rare ones, papers, instruments etc. etc. He is the keeper of the archives of Transylvania and is now occupied in transferring them to the headquarters

at Budapest. We dined that day, a large party of us, with Mr. Urmasi and the speeches were made as usual. Splendid dinner it was and the waiter in his chipper costume made it doubly entertaining. In the evening we went to the vineyard of Mr. Koivari another well known author where we enjoyed the beautiful scenery and the appetising dishes of Madame till it was time to go to the theatre. This vineyard is the best situated of any one we visited. From the summer house up on the side of the hill we could see the valley of the river, the blue summits of the Carpathians, the Rákoczy monument and to the left the beautiful silhouette of the wooded slope and of the town. The theatre was very interesting; it was a thoroughly social rendezvous of the people of Klausenberg. Bishop Kriza and family occupied a box, all the rest of our friends were there and between the acts we went about and saw them and had a pleasant chat. The auditorium is small but finely decorated, the stage well fitted up and the whole decidedly better than would be expected in such a town rivalling many city theatres. The acting was superlatively excellent, very spirited and truthful in expression. Although we could understand butlittle of the dialogue we could of course make out the most of the play by the gestures and a word or two here and there. After the theatre we went to a hotel by invitation of Mr. Jakab and had a splendid supper of a half dozen courses where more speeches were the order and where we had the benefit of his very interesting conversation. We separated in the wee small hours and promised our host not to forget him; that was all the recompense he would ask. He interested me much and I can never forget the story of his life. He dares not smoke because some twenty years ago he resolved not to, and by his arguments made some twenty proselytes. His reason lies in the disgust he feels for the actions of the Austrian government in their unjust control of the sale of tobacco whereby it becomes a government monopoly and each smoker must pay more dearly for the product of his own country than the foreigners do. So in all things however outré he is at least consistent.

A dinner with Prof. Nagy was the order of the day Thursday and we enjoyed it exceedingly. Mrs. Nagy is a very pretty woman reminding me very much of Cousin Helen in manner and speech. She is a true Széklar and like all of her race likes good living. As a cook she is unsurpassed. She bakes great loaves of the whitest bread I ever saw and all her dishes are wonderfully perfect. She treated

us to Tältött káposzta or stuffed cabbage. The white leaves are soaked for months in a salted preparation of spice and then bacon and other meat is chopped into hash and wrapped up in the leaves and all boiled; it is a dish strongly flavored but very good. She had genuine doughnuts and apple pie. After her dinner we all assembled in the vineyard and had speeches and supper among the vines under a tree in the open air. It was a very enjoyable day for us and when we at last left and went toward home we thought the day was ended, but on the way we were seized upon by several young fellows and taken to a hotel where the gipsy band that accompanied the jury to Pest and was the favorite in Vienna, was assembled to play for us. The gipsey music is something very peculiar and decidedly indescribable. It begins slowly and sadly and then goes off all of a sudden into a whirl of glad strains. The gipseys are natural musicians, they do not play by note but solely by ear, and the music is mostly traditional and as wild as the gipseys themselves. It is said that when a gipsey baby is born they put a fiddle on one side of his cradle and a purse on the other and whichever he chooses determines his profession - a musician or a thief. One of the principal instruments is the Zimbal or dulcimer and the youth who hammers the strings with his little wooden sticks has all he can do to keep the little cotton pads on the ends in repair. The gipseys all play with wonderful spirit and draw from the fiddles real music, felt and understood as only the natural musicians can do. The Rákoezs march is played by the band of Klausenberg, the best gipsey band in the world, with a vim that will send the blood leaping through the veins and stir the spirit of the most apethetic listener. This band palyed while we ate and sang and it was after midnight before we knew of it; in the evening I dare say a score of speeches was made and we separated from our hosts the best of friends.

I forgot to say that on Thursday morning a boy knocked on our door and brought in a large basket of grapes a present from Mr. Fekete. I should say there were fifty pounds. I didn't think they were all intended for us and so took but a few bunches and said thank you. But the boy insisted "Minden Minden!" and wouldn't go until we had taken "minden" dir all. What to do with them we didn't know but we stowed this overflow of hospitality in the closet and the next morning gave them to Prof. Kovács.

The next morning was Friday and we had engaged a team to take us to Thorda some

20.miles distant. When the team came into the yard we were disappointed there is no mistake. A wicker wagon the body set square on the axles with no springs and the horses of a very curious build harnessed in with ropes and all sorts of odds and ends. When we shook hands with Prof. Kovács and bounced over the rough pavements we had fears of never arriving in Thorda - but we were mistaken in our team. We climbed slowly enough up the long dry hills in the south of Klausenburg and then we began to find out what was hitched to the pole. Two scrawny nags were at the pole and an angular beast hitched on the off side to encourage the others I suppose for the only work he did was to kick up into the wagon every ten steps. His moral influence on the other two was bad, there is no doubt about it for these three beasts hadn't the slightest idea of ensemble but each went on his own hook. But the driver, a jolly little Hungarian was equal to the emergency; he managed them as one would a yacht; he hauled away on the jib sheet whenever we came to a little descent and belayed around a convenient post and the off horse couldn't "wiggle" at all; then when we came to a level stretch he began a series of whoops and e-e-e-ja-s and off we went with a great flourish all three nags on the tight gallop. It wasn't slow and considering the state of the road and the shaky character of the wagon it was very exciting. Hungarian wagons are always shaky but absolutely indestructable. The joints are bound together with a sort of iron hinge so it can play but not separate and when the team goes along there is a creaking and a rattling as of a thousand ordinary carts. The road to Thorda was marked by no special object of interest other than the frequent Wallach villages with their pointed thatched roofs and wealth of hay stacks. The Wallach carts are very rude, the wheels have no tires and everything corresponds to the wild looks and savage costume of the teamsters.

Torda is a market town of some 2ooo inhabitants and we came in at noon. After dinner we met Mr.Palfy and he took us to see the great salt mines. We found the government directors very willing to show us around, and putting on a miners suit each with his candle we entered the stone passage and after a walk of a quarter of a mile came to the solid rock salt perfectly pure hewed as smooth as ice and beautifully veined and mottled. Another quarter of a mile brought us to a great pit 300 feet deep conical in shape and we came out upon the summit and stood on a plat-

form right over the brink. The miner who was with us threw down a bunch of lighted paper and we saw the awful extent of the pit and shuddered at the prospect of a possible giving way of the salt on which the platform rested. The finest echo that I ever heard was here. 32 times was every sound repeated and it was like a chorus of fiends to hear our words repeated in the great dark chasm again and again. Through various galleries and several pits we came to the bottom of a new one several hundred feet long and at the bottom of which they were cutting salt. The pieces are hewed out by rude steel picks and broken off by wedges and levers in cakes say 2 by 4 ft. These cakes are cut smaller and a railway takes out the product of the mine. A shaft has been sunk 500 feet but no bottom found to this immense piece of clear salt. Berchtesgaden mine bears no comparison with the Thorda one and it seems incredible that such a mass of salt exists. On the way to the hotel I made a sketch of the curious walled church built with a rampart to defend it against the Tartars. Inside the walls are numerous little brick houses which contain the grain and produce paid in for taxes etc. etc. for the peasants pay in this way, and the minister takes as his pay wood, grain, potatoes etc. Inside the ramparts of the church are kept however the properties of the town.

It would take a much more graphic pen than mine to describe the scene that I saw in the streets of Thorda the next morning as I looked out of the window of the hotel attracted by the confused noise that had rumbled into our chamber long before we got up. 'Twas market day and the street wide and long was filled to the brim with the peasants and their carts, waves of humanity surging upon the thresholds of the adjacent houses and everywhere a stir a bustle and a confusion that seemed likely to last the entire day. A similar scene where the personages are unpicturesque peasantry in blue blouses, is interesting enough, but here we had a range of costume that is not to be described and an air of primitive and uncultivated nature about it all that it became most intensely entertaining both on account of its novel character and of the richness of the field herby opened for the study of type and costume. The men wear mostly large hats the rim a foot broad and dress in wool jacket and close fitting ~~jacket~~ trousers, moccasins of skin gathered up and bound to the ankles with thongs, and a 14 inch belt. Their garments are always white or blanket color and

long coats or cloaks trailing the ground. In summer these are worn wool out and in cold weather vice versa. The women wear a very simple garment and the young children do not go any further than this single garment in their costume. The women add a sort of sheepskin boddice and an apron behind and often one before as well. These aprons are red or striped red. A handkerchief on the head completes the dress of the woman. The amount of stuff that was brought into Thorda that day and the very small part of it that was purchased was surprising. Each peasant looking for all the world like an old Dacian, drove his broad horned oxen or awkward buffaloes with a tyreless wheeled cart full of corn shucks or more valuable produce and the double row of blue roofed booths was full of homemade stuffs, leather, produce and fruits. The crowd afforded me lasting amusement and I never could tire of watching those strange wild looking men in their savage dresses and with their uncouth manners and bold free carriage. When we came to pay the hotel bill we found it already settled - some friend had done that for us - and we drove away or rather tried to get through the crowd in our open wicker wagon. With a couple of policemen and a dignitary of the town to push the animals and the wild people out of the way we at last got to the outskirts of the crowd and took our place in a line of teams that was leaving town. I shall never forget the sights we saw as we slowly beat our way through those hordes of swarthy stalwart men for all the world like the brigands whom we see on the stage. The same blows were rained alike by our conductors on man and beast and those black eyes flashed no fire of anger in return and the rude homemade tools were never raised to resent the insult - so accustomed are these creatures to bear the overbearing and tyrannical acts of their superiors in wealth or intellect. We had to run the gauntlet of a hundred deformed beggars who implored alms frantically hugging and kissing the cross and gesticulating wildly; but we were at last free and drove rapidly out upon the dusty plain along the pleasant river side and turned toward the blue hills in the distance. A charming combination of the beauties of the landscape was seen in that drive across the plain for there was all the beauty of the flat country joined with the more grand but to me less picturesque charms of the hills. Through the hills and along the left bank of the Aranyos which wound along with its gravelly bed in a tortuous course, we drove for a couple of hours, through dry but beautiful

scenery and then we turned off across the stream over the dry dusty hills to Torocko. As we came out of Thorda we passed through the first true Wallach villages we had seen. They are like Indians in their appropriation of the products of nature raw and unfashioned. The huts are low ~~ti~~ with very tall and steep roofs of thick thatch which it is difficult to distinguish from the haystacks which are put in very closely and in large numbers on all sides. The walls of the huts are made of logs sometimes but most generally of wickerwork stuffed with mud. All the habits of the lowest Irish or negroes are refined compared with the beastly way the Wallachs live. In a very rude way their villages are sort of picturesque with the wicker fences, wicker corn cribs and combinations of stables, piggeries, houses and haystacks all in one. Their chief food is Indian corn and with this they seem content and are to all appearances healthy enough. An interesting and peculiar custom that we saw first near Thorda but which was afterwards common enough is the spinning by the old distaff and spindle. The women wear a belt and into this is put the distaff and they twirl the spindle with their right hand and take the wool or flax with their left and the mouth. At almost every house we saw strips of coarse linen or of woolen hung out to bleach.

As we approached Toroczko the hills became grander and more rugged and we caught sight of the great stone mountain over the town called the Szeklar rock. A pause of a few moments was made to visit a very primitive forge where the waterwheel turned a trip hammer and under the rude weight the smiths forged very nice bars of iron. Then on we drove and rattled over the rude bridges and across the fords and up into the paved square of Toroczko. The town is built like most of them in this part of the country around a great bare market place ~~all~~ all paved and looking doubly broad because of the low, very low houses, that surround it. At Toroczko the people are all Unitarians and the church projects into the square dividing it into two smaller ones and in the middle of one there is a great tank or pool with running water where the women all come to get water and to do their washing.

We drove into the yard of the minister Mr. Koronka and were introduced by a student who had come from Thorda to show us round. We found the Minister a good old soul, very tall and large and with a heart to match. His wife very pleasant and engaging in manner, has a bright eye and a fund of good nature. After a lunch the ministers team was harnessed up and the boy

scenery and then we turned off across the stream over the dry dusty hills to Torocko. As we came out of Thorda we passed through the first true Wallach villages we had seen. They are like Indians in their appropriation of the products of nature raw and unfashioned. The huts are low with very tall and steep roofs of thick thatch which it is difficult to distinguish from the haystacks which are put in very closely and in large numbers on all sides. The walls of the huts are made of logs sometimes but most generally of wickerwork stuffed with mud. All the habits of the lowest Irish or negroes are refined compared with the beastly way the Wallachs live. In a very rude way their villages are sort of picturesque with the wicker fences, wicker corn cribs and combinations of stables, piggeries, houses and haystacks all in one. Their chief food is Indian corn and with this they seem content and are to all appearances healthy enough. An interesting and peculiar custom that we saw first near Thorda but which was afterwards common enough is the spinning by the old distaff and spindle. The women wear a belt and into this is put the distaff and they twirl the spindle with their right hand and take the wool or flax with their left and the mouth. At almost every house we saw strips of coarse linen or of woolen hung out to bleach.

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drove us to St. Gyorgys to see the great stone cliffs a thousand feet high and also the ruins all of which interested us much but the principal feature of the trip was a little scene we saw in the house of the minister at St.G. He went with us to the cliffs and we dropped in to see him as we came back. While we were there a woman dressed in sheepskin came in with her baby to have it christened. Our friend put on his robe, went through a prayer and a declaration of the name and ended by pouring a glass of water over the young one's head. In the cliffs there are a great number of curious caves and here the gipseys pass the winter or at least the "Sátores Czigán" or wandering ones do. The visit of the Postmaster was the best of all. Mr.Kronka took us over there to our surprise not saying where we were going or what we were to see. We were shown into the best room and they began to take out the costumes we had come so far to see. The most peculiar and the most interesting one is that worn by the young unmarried girls or by such as can afford it - for they cost from 200 to 300 florins. They consist of a frock of white fine linen gathered from the neck to the waist in fine plaits worked so as to make a pattern and forming a thick sort of breast plate of cloth; this frock has sleeves very long and ample with cuffs of a double width and embroidered with two broad bands of red embroidery. Over this frock is worn another white one without sleeves worked with red around arm holes and on the neck; this is open in front to show the embroidery, and across the opening is put a piece of richly embroidered cloth like a strap. A broad black embroidered collar goes around the neck. The belt is a combination of red worsted cords and knots of gold cord and is very heavy. The apron is green or black with red embroidered border. Over the shoulders is worn a great broadcloth cloak very rich and full ironed in small plaits say a half inch deep giving it a peculiar look. Under this is worn commonly a sheepskin jacket beautifully worked with silk gold and worsted. On the head they wear a circular crown of pasteboard covered with black velvet and lined with red, but the outside a mass of heavy braided gold cord making a brilliant circle of gold about 5 inches broad. The hair of the forehead is shaved an inch or so high up so when the crown is worn a little on the back of the head no hair can be seen. From under the crown hang fifteen or twenty different kinds of ribbon about 18 inches long completely hiding the back of the head in its covering

of gold and bright colored silk. On the feet they wear red morrocco boots very curiously made with turn up toes and skillfully wrinkled ankles. Hung into the belt is usually worn a very brilliant silk handkerchief which falls down over the apron.

The women wear a blue ~~silk~~ skirt plaited like the cloak and very full and heavy, a boddice embroidered and rich, and the sleeveless jacket of sheepskin with collar of yellow fox fur and a handkerchief on the head, generally bright colored. People here seem to have an aversion to putting their hands in sleeves and everybody wears coats and jackets hung on like a cloak. The women come into church with their sheepskin jacket - wool in of course - buttoned closely around them and the collar of yellow fox fur standing up around their ears. The arms are not visible until they sit down then they let them out of the confinement.

The men wear very beautiful sheepskin jackets with fox skin collar, a great black cloak embroidered with bright colors around collar and on the front and sides, white trousers, tall and beautifully made top boots with turned up, pointed toes, and blue tassel hanging from the top. A ~~tea~~ broad brimmed hat completes the costume. It must not be supposed that these beautiful costumes are for everyday wear. They only appear on Sundays and are consequently very bright and clean.

We were naturally very curious to see the people in church and looked forward to the occasion with interest. The old minister decided that I could read Hungarian well enough to read a speech and he thought it would gratify the people very much to have it told them that we were Americans etc. so I rehearsed the thing all morning. It is as follows, I hope it is intelligible:-

"Toroczkoi unitarius alyafiak! Mi unitaiusok vagyunk Amerikából - hat ezer ángol mérföldet jöttünk hogy lássuk az erdélyi unitáriusokát, és azok Tebözöt épentiteket, kiket a ti vallásos életelek, rég meg ismertetett túl a nagy tengeren. Itt vagymuk és örülünk hogy l'attunk titeket - Faj hogy keveset szolhatunk együtt, mert si as ángol mi a maguar nyeloet nem értjük - és csak lélekben szolhalunk egymásnak. De én akarok talmulni magyarul - is ha megérem ismét el jövök - akkor sokjót, - sok szépet,- mondam - most legyenslég hogy Isten oltalmába ajánlok titeket. Elgen a Toroczkoi unitarius nip! Eljen az unitarius vallás vég nélkül!"

At ten o'clock six old elders dressed in the costume I have described came to the house and after much handshaking conducted us to the church where we were the first to enter, then little by little during the chanting by the choir very much after the fashion in a catholic church the rest of the congregation came in and were seated.

In the middle of one side of the church was the pulpit and opposite a gallery and at either end a gallery the one on the left occupied by the choir. The seats faced the pulpit from either side and the front. The right was occupied by the women and girls resplendent in their fur and gold, to the left the old men with their noble dresses and in front and in the galleries sat the young men. The service was very simple a prayer and a short sermon ~~and a~~ was all, and after the minister came down out of the pulpit I got up and delivered the speech; in perfect quiet my voice seemed very voluminous. I have often wondered if they could understand me, though they all said they did I can hardly believe it. Then a chant and the women filled out first, the old men and the minister next and last the young men.

After dinner - and a good one too, we took the carriage we had engaged and started off for Abrudbánya some 75 miles distant expecting to get to Offenbánya about dark. The team was much as the other ones were. Three small bony horses and an open wicker wagon full of hay and fodder and hardly wide enough for two to sit in. The Hungarian harnesses are very curious they are all hitched together so all you have to do is to put the horse's head into it and skin it right over him without handling a single buckle or strap. When anything breaks they deliberately cut a piece off the harness to patch it with and good harnesses are rare. The traces are always rope made for the purpose out of tightly laid up cord. Jóssef our driver was a boy of about 16 with a sheep skin jacket and a pair of big boots the receptacle for a dozen or two cigars, knife, matches and all such necessaries of travel. Jóssef's sister accompanied him possibly because she was going to Abrudbánya and possibly to keep Jóssef straight.

All that afternoon we went up the valley of the Aranyos (Golden river, arany meaning gold) and among the dry gullied bleak hills for hours. We met occasional peasant carts, a woman riding astride with bags of grain etc. and frequent camps where wagon trains had halted and foddered their oxen and the men were cooking supper. It was precisely like the Western country only the inhabitants were much more dirty and low and wild - almost equal to the digger indians. We met a gipsey on the road, a frouzle headed chap as dark as a negro and for a few coppers he danced the Czárdas for us singing, clapping his hands and patting the dust with his great brown feet. Towards night

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we stopped and fed the horses in Szolcsva a genuine Wallach village with its little Greek church and multitude of stacks and houses, sties and hovels indescriminately piled in together. As dark came on it began to rain a bit and as we passed the grog shop surrounded by the white clad wild looking chaps they stared at our umbrellas as if they saw the machine for the first time. If they had known we were Americans well might they have looked for they never saw two before, and very few if any strangers of any nationality. At nine o'clock after three hours ride in the dark and the wilderness, the only excitement being the sight of men fishing by torchlight in the river and spearing great white carp, we got to Offenbánya. We had a letter to the postmaster who was to put us up and he was out of town so we searched some time and finally succeeded in routing up a family the woman being a Saxon and speaking German. Here we spent the night and the horses were put in the barn. We had breakfast in the morning and the sum total was fl. 1.50. I forgot to say we paid for the team only fl. 12.00. In the morning early we were off again up the valley and about ten o'clock came to the smart market town of Topánfalva and here we crossed the Aranyos and went up the right bank of a little stream with a sandy bed. We began immediately to see signs of gold. A small boy would be engaged in washing sand on an inclined board while his father brought the loads of dirt. The whole bed of the stream was burrowed. Rude stamp mills were ranged by the hundreds along the bank and the sound of the hammers crushing the rock was heard on everyside. These mills are of the very rudest description. A waterwheel with a long axle provided with various projecting points is turned by the tiniest of streams and these points on the axle lift the hammers which are of timber tipped with iron and are arranged six or eight to a mill. The rock is grey and the gold exists generally combined with silver. The rock is stamped fine and the gold extracted by mercury. The whole country looked as if gold diggings were there and was not pleasant to look upon. At two o'clock we came to Abrudbanya and as is our luck it was market day there too. A totally different market day from Thorda. The booths were all there, there were crowds of people and swarms of teams but there was none of the wild character which prevailed at Thorda. The peasants dress very much the same only less savagely and have more intellectual faces and shorter hair. At Thorda the hair often came upon the breast in front. At Abrudbánya we saw it often neatly braided

in a simple queue which hung down under the left ear. After some trouble we found a hotel, a little dirty one kept by a wretch of a Saxon whom I hated the moment I put my eyes on him. After dinner we called on Mr. Arkosi and he took us to see Mr. Pálfi the superintendent of the gold mines who received us very kindly and gave us passes to visit the mines, showed us all the gold they had, their manner of testing it by rubbing it one a black stone and comparing the color with the rubbing made by a piece of gold of definite purity. He told us that the mines at Verespatak cost the government fl.40000 annually and they got fl. 50000 worth of gold, a considerable profit since they improved thousands of florins worth each year. The number of men employed is 200. Beside the government mine there is an army of private miners who take claims the same as is done in America. These own the stamp mills we saw and manage to make a decent living but I imagine not much more. In the evening we went to the reading rooms which we found to exist here as well as in every other town of any size that we visited - the only way of passing winter evenings, they said to us.

It rained the next morning and the old town with its blank brick walls, the unrestored ruins of the revolution of '48 looked doubly bare and desolate as we looked out of the door that morning and saw and heard the rain pour down. At eight o'clock the wagon was at the door, a poor wicker affair with a single horse, and we drove off with the landlord, a Saxon of the meanest order, for Verespatak. A few miles back on the road we came then up the valley of a little stream more desolate and more dug over if possible than the longer river, bordered by the groups of stamping mills and and dammed at intervals, we came at last in about ten miles to the village of Verespatak, a scattered town with several churches and situated amid rather wild and very barren and desolate hills. We drove immediately to the summit of the hill to the house of the superintendent of the mine and found he was below in the works, so we returned after some delay in the company of a young man employe and prepared to go in on the level, or through the air passage. We donned our miners clothes took our tallow lamps and got aboard a car and a horse pulled us into the mine through a very narrow and low passage. We went in a mile through the solid rock the most of the way through the old Roman works where we could see the smooth walls chiseled by patient toil of the slaves, and at last came to the branches of the passage and following up one of them a half mile came to the place where the men were at work.

Several large chambers and galleries had been excavated and the miners were scattered all about in curious nooks and corners. We explored quite fully every part; they drilled and cut the rock for us and showed us everything and even exploded a capsule of dynamite for our amusement, a deafening explosion it made too. In the course of our wanderings one of the miners, a sharp eyed rogueish looking fellow who acted as our guide led us round through a corridor and of a sudden we found ourselves before a barrier of ladders etc. and all the miners congregated about. We knew what it meant so I paid them a gulden for drink money and we were let through. In this part of the mine all the gold is found in combination with silver and the ore is a dark leady looking stone. We visited also another part of the mine where the gold is found free and pure and we were shown many fine specimens. In two hours after entering we had seen all and went out as we came in. The same car took us along the hillside to the main road three miles or so distant and the ride over the iron track was far more pleasant than jolting along in the rude wagon. Here we saw the great government stamp mills with the myriad of stamps and amalgamating machines and thought we had pretty well explored the gold district. That evening we were invited to visit Mr. Pálfy the superintendent of the mines and we had a pleasant evening. I had previously engaged seats in the mail wagon for the next day but found that they had been let to other parties afterwards, and they wanted to prove to us that we could not go. Mr. Pálfy sent his man to try and persuade the postal authorities that I had the best right to the seats but they weren't to be persuaded so Mr. Arkosi and myself went and they agreed to put on an extra wagon for us.

Wednesday morning Oct 22 at six o'clock the post wagon came around with a great blowing of the horn and we dressed in a hurry. The faithless landlord made out a bill very long and very dearly charged rivalling the best Vienna hotels and we wished that we had taken up with Mr. Arkosi's kind invitation to stop with him. I paid with not a murmer and with a mental vow never to stop again in a Saxon hotel. I don't think two mortals were ever jolted worse than we were in that springless wagon over the roughest of roads and drawn by the roughest of horses. The road lay in a zigzag over a high range of hills and at last came down the other side over a horrible road - I remember it with pain in every joint. About eleven o'clock we came to the post in Zalattna and stopped to change teams entirely. There

was no restaurant handy so we bought some black bread and Hermannstadt cheese, a sort of rustic cheese done up in a skin, and made a lunch. Zalathna is full of ruins of '48 and is a strung out desolate looking place, but finely situated; here are the smelting works of the gold mines. The wagon we took from Zalathna was larger and if anything much more uncomfortable than the first one and there were so many passengers (5) that they had to put in an extra seat. A lady came so I gave up my cushioned place to her and sat on a box. My teeth chattered for ten or twelve miles when we came to the half way inn where we had to dispute with the pigs to get in the door. From this point the road was very much smoother. All the way from Abrudbánya we met ox teams loaded with huge casks of wine and whole families along to assist in the transportation; occasional camps were seen where they passed the night and it was these rough teams that cut up the road so. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon we came in sight of the great plain where Karlsburg is placed and the road leads near the large fort and citadel that overlooks the town in the vally below, and at last comes suddenly out upon a great blank, bare, paved square with its bordering houses low and unpicturesque. We stopped at a hotel and left our luggage there but did not take a room, and went on exploring. There was little to be found interesting or picturesque in this straggling town so we were obliged to kill time as best we could in the café. The train was to start at 1 o'clock so at ten we went to the station and lounged there for it was cold enough to be pleasant indoors. The cars came along over an hour late, no unusual thing we found out and we took a third class for Hermannstadt.

There is little attractive in the landscape in this part of Hungary and as soon as it was light we saw out of the frosty windows only a succession of plains and dry hills, and the road as far as the terminus NagySzchen or Hermannstadt was uninteresting. Arriving at H. about ten o'clock we found it a rather picturesque town on a height which rose abruptly from the surrounding plain. We drove to a hotel, took a long time at our toilette and then a stroll about town. The streets are in places most picturesque and very old so we found enough to interest us on every hand. We had intended to go to Bucharest by way of the Rothen Thurm pass, but found that the service of diligences had been discontinued and we would be obliged to hire a carriage. We found on enquiry that a carriage would be as cheap

as the detour by way of Krondstadt, but Maynard would not agree to it saying he had rather miss the beautiful monastery which was the great attraction of this route than be obliged to run the risk of sleeping in a hotel where there were fleas - an argument it was useless to oppose. Our experience via Kronstadt was not altogether free from this drawback and of course then regrets were useless and even worse. At Hermannstadt I got a letter from Prof. Kovács and also my big boots from Klausenburg and after our sketches were made we concluded (after a fashion) to go to Kronstadt that night and consequently bid adieu to the town about six o'clock and began another night ride in a third class car. As we left the station it was just twilight and the silhouette of the town against the deep hued sky was wonderfully fine, the church with its little minarets was the first hint of oriental architecture. Our ride went on easily enough for a couple of hours for we had a lively company, but all of a sudden the cars gave a sudden jolt, ran a few rods and stood still. We were delayed for an hour before we found out that the train had run over a buffalo and the the second and third cars had run off the track while on the bridge and had cut through the planks and nearly fallen over into the water. The engine was luckily unharmed and went away to Kis Kapus for a new train which came in another hour with an army of men and torches to guide us safely over the uncertain bridge. This buffalo killing seems to be a common pastime with the railway trains in Hungary. We were due in Kronstadt at seven but it was nearer eleven as we came to the station.

I think I never saw a town so beautifully situated as Brassó or Kronstadt. It lies on the southern edge of a great plain in the cosiest of nooks amoung the hills frowned over by a precipice 1000 feet high and flanked by lofty hills with the entrance to the plain guarded by a solitary conical hill surmounted by a citadel. The town is very old and has always been the scene of conflicts in the various invasions of Hungary. The old walls with frequent towers, curious gates and outworks still surround the old place and outside has been constructed a most beautiful shady promenade affording a fine view of the walls and the town under various aspects. We took our quarters in the Hotel Bucharest and as it was market day and thousands of country people were in town we found enough to amuse and entertain us in the streets. Here as in Hermannstadt there are a great many Saxons, but we noticed more of an oriental character about the place in the frequent substitution of the sash for the

broad belt, in the occasional loose trousers and fez and in the architecture of the churches. The hotels are all constructed on the eastern system with a courtyard. In the market they sell great numbers and varieties of the belts and curious water bottles of wood covered with skin; another speciality is gingerbread which is sold in great "hunks" as large as a table leaf. Men and women with little tables sit in the streets and change money and there are various other indications of Oriental influence.

Although we were very well pleased in the town and had introductions there we concluded to leave the next day (Saturday Oct 25) for Bucharest and consequently engaged places in the Diligence. This affair is very peculiar. It is a very long covered coach with a drivers seat in front then a coupé for two then a compartment for four and finally a box for postal matter and luggage. Eight horses are hitched in, a postman accompanies the driver and off we go at 8 o'clock in the morning at a slow pace and with frequent stoppages. Our course was in general south and we went over the Tomoscher pass. After leaving the plain we went along the valley of a small stream for some miles and through a mountainous region until we came to a cluster of bare looking houses which we found were the Austrian custom houses. Here we were obliged to go to the office and show our passports and as the officers had never seen an American passport before (so they said) we had to explain it all out and give our profession etc. All this to get out of Austria. After leaving the Customhouse the road goes right up the side of the mountain in a sharp zigzag and is beautifully built- the monument of the engineer is on the way side, and in an hour or so we came to the Roumanian custom house with the evergreen arch erected to welcome Prince Charles on his return from Vienna still standing. This station is called Predialu and here the horses were changed and our passports taken away. 'Twas a puzzle to the officers the great sheet of paper with the spread eagle, the seal, John Jay's signature and all. The dirty ragged moccasined soldier was summoned to tell what he knew about the two strangers. We went in ourselves and told our story and after much gesticulating and a great many attempts at speaking the language we finally succeeded in getting the officer to put on a visé and we went out. Next came the Inspector and for him we opened our baggage. It was the most curious inspection that I ever witnessed: he did not seem to want to examine the things only out of curiosity and asked all manner of curious

questions. He pulled open little bundles and boxes, discussed the value of jewelry and was delighted beyond expression when I gave him a false pearl that I got in the Exposition. This farce over we squeezed out of the crowd of country folk who were trying to get passed through the lines and went to a plain little restaurant and dined. Here we met a man who had a great holster with a pistol in his belt. This surprised us and we asked if it was common and were told that everybody carried the same. A cavalryman was put aboard as a guard when we left Predialu and we drove away with as much speed as the eight nags could make at a full gallop. The hill tops were sticking up through the clouds here and there as we drove down the valley over a very good road and shortly it began to rain, the mist hiding the scenery from our view. At two o'clock we drove up to a great new solitary hotel standing at the foot of a rise on which stood a one storied wide eaved house with a chapel and long rows of outbuildings. A flag flying marked this as some public place and on inquiry we found that it was Sinaia, the residence of Prince Charles and that the carriage and four that we had just met with the postillion in red suit embroidered with flashy patterns of gold and colors was the Princess in the carriage of the Prince. At Sinaia a young attaché of the Prince's household, the son of the first lackey, got in with us so we were no longer alone. Until dark we drove through a hilly country along a river with a very gravelly bed and the whole country was soft and unstable, gullied into barrenness by the rains, washed into heaps of refuse, gravel and stones, the rock of basaltic formation which forms the back bone of the hills easily crumbling and falling into layers of hard black stone. This rock affords excellent material for bridges and most splendid bridges are made of it all along the road. But even the superb structures do not stand the force of the water and over streams which in summer are perfectly dry we found the great buttresses all askew, the arches fallen and the road crossing on a bridge of logs. For miles along the shifting bed of the stream a rock embankment is built neatly faced and with a parapet of low arches with a wide span; a more perfect road I have not seen in Europe. About dark we came to a village where there were a number of shops and here we changed horses for the fourth time with the greatest deliberation. The little shops were full of loungers and the air was redolent

the town runs the Dimbovitsa, a stream about a rod wide, [illegible]

with the fumes of boiling meat, which strange operation was being performed on open fires on a wooden table by the side of every grocery and butchers shop. After leaving this town I lost my consciousness and awoke at the hotel in Ploesti.

Sunday at about 8 o'clock we left the very dirty very unpicturesque vile town of Ploesti after a long drive through the streets to get to the station the only clean house in town. The inhabitants are the filthiest people I have ever seen and the Wallachs or Roumanians as seen in this part of their country do not compare with the handsome, strainght, fine looking race met further north. In Ploesti we saw many oriental costumes and felt quite in the East, the dirty East to be sure. From Ploesti to Bucharest a wide plain with occasional forests and clusters of shuck thatched mud walled huts is all there is to see. Nothing in the ourskirts of Bucharest hints that there is such a large town (200 000) in the vicinity and we were surprised when we drove away from the station through miles of dirty streets so dusty, so filthy and so uncared for that there was nothing to please, all to disgust. - And the people are dirtier than the streets and the houses if possible. Boys with baskets of grapes slung on a bent pole swarmed the streets, piles of bread and fruit all of a dusty grey lumbered the sidewalks and we hardly saw a decent building at all on our way to the Hotel Transylvania. We've hit a hotel to match the town we thought as we drove up to the dirty court through the vilest of streets with open sewer in the middle of it. We waited some time for a room and were shown into the cleanest of bedrooms you can imagine. After dinner we took a walk about and were amused at every turn. Turks, Greeks, Serbians, Armenians, Hungarians and all nationalities in their peculiar costumes swarmed the streets; the grape sellers staggering under the weight of their fragrant loads; tall and stately priests with long robes and curious hats; Roumanians with broad belts and huge knives and often a gun or two - all was new, all was interesting.

From the Metropole a hill sixty feet high with the church of the Metropole and the Legislative hall on the top with a group of curious buildings, a very good idea of the town is had. On one side all that can be seen is trees and foliage with occasional roofs and minarets of the churches; on the other side the aspect is barer and one sees nothing but houses as far as the eye can reach. Through the centre of the town runs the Dimbovitza, a stream about a rod wide, dirty, yellow and thick with

mud and filth. The Roumanians have a motto:-

"Dimbovitza apa dulce:
Cine be nu mai se duce."

"Dimboviza sweet water
Who drinks of it never goes away."

And good reason for his staying I think for one draught would surely give the cholera. It is not surprising at all that the pest rages in such places for there is ample food for it here. The only wonder is that it is not always here. During our stay there was reported a list of about 20 a day I heard.

Monday morning (Oct 27) we started out to find about the quarantine in Constantinople and if it was raised we were to leave immediately for Varna and from there direct to the Bosphorus. I went to the Dutch consulate but the servants couldn't speak Dutch and only Turkish and Roumanian. Next I found the French consulate and from them got the address of the American consul. We found him to be Hon. B.F. Piexotto who interested himself so actively and effeciently in suppressing the persecution of the Jews last year. He received us with the greatest kindness, asked us to déjeuner and to drive and then to dinner with him. The day before we had visited the chausée Kisselef - named from the Russian general who laid it out and on this fashionable drive we had seen all the style of Bucharest, gorgeous liveries, fine turnouts, flash costumes and through this chausée, then almost deserted, we took our way and soon branched off to a Wallach marked village with its low houses and lower people. We went into the shops where they sell the Raki or whiskey, the fire that gets up the steam in these miserable bodies for any act of barbarism. The street was full of teams, piles of fruit, vegetables, bread and flesh; herds of cattle, swarms of dirty men - another sort from those Roumanians (Wallachs) in Hungary. After a sniff of this and a satisfying look we went on and visited the Jewish Synagogue destroyed by a mob in '66 and restored by donation of 15000 dollars from Prince Charles. The cost of the building was $60000. The imterior is mostly of iron and the trappings very fine. St. Spridon was next shown with its fine interior and frescoes and a Greek priest and assistant were praying faster than I ever heard a man speak before - veritable speaking machines both of them. We drove into the Metropole and went into the Church, enjoyed its beautiful, dimly mysterious interior and then into the chamber of the deputies, 157 in number; the house is but a low rough wooden building but the interior is well filled up. From this point we drove to the Jardin de Herestrau and walked awhile through its shaded walks and took

dinner with the Consul, having had a most agreeable day and a very entertaining host.

We left our passports with Mr. Piexotto to be sent to the Russian consul for a visé for we could not make up our minds to stand the 15 days quarantine at Constantinople and could avoid it by going by way of Odessa. Mr. Piexotto who has a fine library and who gave us all the papers to read loaded us down with books for our journey, gave us letters to Constantinople etc. etc. and showed himeslf a most hospitable and generous man. Our experience with him was unique. We have never had the same with any other consul. After dinner we went to see the Senate Chamber and several other places of note and went home to pack. Our washing was promised for 12 o'clock and we were to go at 6. At 5 it had not come, we were in a great worry and were sure we could not go, then we would miss the last boat of the season, and thmn we would be obliged to go by rail to Odessa etc. etc. I sent a carriage after the washing, and got it to the hotel just at six and we packed and got to the station notwithstanding my companion's persistent prophesy of "too late" a half hour to spare. Twice we changed cars in the night and towards two o'clock came to Galatz and drove to a hotel and slept a couple of hours, then in the grey dawn drove to the boat.

Cold it was that day and with a strong wind blowing beside. This made the dirty little propeller undurable but the price of a first class ticket ~~xx~~ 52.50 francs was astounding. There was no second class and the deck was too cold and wet for one who had no travelling rug or thick coat so I did it this way: I paid for a 3d. class ticket and hired the cabin of the Engineer for 25 francs so it cost me 5 francs less than a first class ticket and Maynard and I slept there together in great ease. I didn't get any ticket and saw the mate pocket the money so there was none demanded from me and a gum game was played all around. The lower Danube is absolutely without interest; to the South one sees the Balkan range of low mountains but these are left behind and low flat banks covered with very rank reeds are all that is visible. Very few vessels are met and there is no excitement at all. We reached Sulina at dusk and stopped a few moments , then out upon the Black Sea and we turned in.

When I awoke we were in sight of Odessa and off to the North lay a long cliff of reddish sand . Odessa is situated along the top of this bluff and the harbor which is artificial lies right under the city. There are two ports one for foreign and one for home ships and of course we went into the former around ~~former~~ around the pier and break-

water yet uncompleted, and in among the "Davids" steamships from Antwerp looking like old friends and to the docks. Our passports which were taken away on coming aboard the boat were given to a customs officer who with three others were soon engaged in examining and putting on the visé - a work requiring the greatest deliberation. Each passenger was questioned about his object in coming, whether he had ever visited the country before, his trade etc. etc. and though the examination was conducted with great courtesy and much good humor it soon got to be a bore. The officers brought a library aboard with them and if anyone said he had been in the country before the head man searched for his name in a sort of black book always with no success however. There were only about thirty passengers but this tomfoolery took up about two hours. There were three Americans beside ourselves aboard and two Englishmen, so the language was English in the cabin and one of the Americans was Col. Knox of the Cincinati Commercial - a great blustery conceited overgrown American who has been through Siberia and written a book about it and is always showing the book everywhere. The customhouse officer called his name- "I'm that rooster!" he said. "Your Profession?" "Garcon!" replied the Col. A great Haw! Haw! went up from the French people and the French speakers and one suggested that garcon was waiter in a restaurant. The Col, who had been speaking most execrable French with several who could converse in better English than he could, was not the least flustered and explained that he meant that he was a batchelor and had no family etc. Then when asked to give his profession he said, unwilling to declare himself a journalist, artist. He looked surprised when both Maynard and myself said we were also artists. From the boat we were driven by the dirtiest of the dirty hackmen to the Customhouse under guard and there we waited an hour to have our baggage examined and when the officers did come it was only a show of an examination. So after a great quarrel with the drosky driver who wanted a rouble and a half I finally made a bargain with him for a rouble and we drove to the Schweizer Hof where we got a room and set about exploring the town. And a curious town it is too. Long streets as broad as the avenues in Washington all at right angles and all with no attempt at fine architecture on them. Here and there a great ugly church with a clump of green domes and a dozen of crosses. There is an attempt at a boulevard and a statue of the Duke of Richelieu but nothing worth seeing. The cabmen in Bucharest all dress in Russian

costume but not as the Russian drosky drivers dress; they wear a bell crowned low hat fiendishly ugly in form and a great gown to their heels very full and padded in ribs as thick as your arm arranged perpendicularly around the hips. It is a combination of an old woman's costume with that of a Polish Jew - ugly beyond description. The streets are full of droskies. One horse goes in the shafts which are very wide apart and have a bow of wood which goes up over the neck of the horse, to the left and far away from the shaft horse is hitched a second animal to a sort of supplementary whiffletree. This horse gallops while the shaft horse trots and so the team makes a great show. With a running horse on each side of a trotter they take up all the road and make up a wonderfully dashing team. The rein of the outside horses is passed through a loop in the girth so that the heads are pulled down and to the outside and the horses that gallop seem to go along almost sideways. The people are the ugliest, dirtiest human beings I have ever seen and the soldiers are a disgrace to this age, all rags and dirt. My opinion of Russia has lowered since I came here. The prices are as high as in America for food, hotels etc. and it is no place for an artist.

Friday we spent in looking about the town but found little to see. We went into several churches; in the cathedral saw a service conducted by long haired priests who sung most superbly. The People touched the floor with their heads and made all sorts of curious gestures. We didn't remain there long but ran the gauntlet of beggars at the door and renewed our travels. The service we attended was a funeral and the funeral car was a sort of platform wagon with a white canopy over the back supported by four poles. We found everything very dear in Odessa paying for an ordinary dinner about 6 francs. Caviar we ate of course and found it very nice.

Early Saturday morning we got tickets for Constantinople by the steamer Oleg, the fare 15 roubles including passage and meals. After paying our hotel bill and drosky to the boat we had just one twenty franc piece left for my letter of credit was not of use in Odessa and they would give me little enough for any draft. The boat was a large propeller well enough fitted and was loading when we came aboard. Everyone who came on was obliged to give up his passport to an officer. Such people as we met there it has never been our lot to come across before. We were in the second class and stood for hours in the companion way watching the Tartars with their

skin caps
with and curious cloaks , the Turks with their shaved heads and well known dresses. All sorts of people occupied the compartments along the rail on either side allotted to the third class passengers. We were most interested in a family of Tartars. A mother daughter boy and father. The daughter was very pretty and had splendid hair and teeth and large dark eyes. The complexion was something between the olive and the peach. The women sat all the time in the lower compartment surrounded by their brass dishes, pillows, rugs etc. etc. so they made a really fine picture by the artistic combination of the colors of their garments. Not the least curious about the women was their fingernails which were dyed a rich scarlet. After getting on board four beautiful grey horses, a half dozen cows and quite a little deck load we started out of the dock by the aid of two tugs and any number of ropes; and after bothering a great deal the Oleg finally got away and we steamed slowly off. We found on board several who came with us from Galatz and among them a Greek who speaks Russian Greek English Turkish French German Italian Roumanian and I don't know how many other languages. The Black Sea is well named for the water is neither blue nor green but almost inky black. In spite of lively rolling I slept well. In our cabin slept two Turks a consumptive Russian and we Americans the only ones on board.

In the morning of Sunday Nov 2 I woke up to find the old Turk established on his rug in the little space on the floor and praying away forty miles an hour with occasional prostrations and gesticulations. It was the season of the Lent, or Ramazan, of the Turks during which they cannot eat between sunrise and sunset, so I reckon the Turks made it up during the night. We spent the day in sketching and watching the people lying all around on the deck in various stages of seasickness. During the day the Italian steamer Drepano passed us and left us far behind before sunset. She got out of Odessa some time after us. All day along we were out of sight of land and when the moon rose we still went on with the same moderate speed and the vessel kept up her unaccountable rolling - unaccountable for though in the night 'twas rough, still all day long it was fine. We could feel the air growing warmer and warmer.

About eight o'clock on the morning of Nov.3 land came in sight, it was the mouth of the Bosphorus, a hill with outlying flat topped rocks. Everybody

thing was veiled in mist and it was not until we entered the straight about an hour later that we could see anything plainly. Our friends on board, one of whom we had met on the trip from Galatz, were both residents in the Bosphorus and they told us all about the places of interest. They were Greek gentlemen one of whom spoke English and was a captain in the Turkish navy. Who can describe the beautiful straight with the clustering villages, the slender minarets and the magnificent palaces. The air was warm and like an agreeable summer's day and the trip through the Bosphorus was delightful. When we threaded our way among ships of all nations and came to anchor just off Galata, the suburb just across the "Golden Horn" from Constantinople, it was eleven o'clock and the warm sunlight shimmered over the bay and mystified the great and beautiful city on our left making it seem like a vision. The water was covered with boats of all shapes. The moment we let go the anchor a hundred caiques came along side all clamorous for passengers. We had already engaged one when a man came up to us and handed us a card which proved to be the address of our friend Mr. Mertzanoff who was expecting us. The man took our luggage and we went ashore and through the customhouse and up to Mr. M.'s office very easily and very quickly. Mr. M. was glad to see us and we found good quarters in his office. He keeps a sewing machine warehouse. He had already engaged a room for us and sent our luggage up while we looked afound us. What a strange sight met our eyes! On all sides the red fez was worn, hitherto almost a rarity for us to see. Great baggy trousers, curious jackets, belts and sashes with pistols and knives, sandals and turbans; everything was new and strange. The crowd that passed the shop was immense, all the afternoon long it poured by and our pencils found employment enough. At night we went to our lodgings, a good room in the house of a Greek family and we immediately established ourselves.

What strikes the stranger most of anything is the way they carry burdens here. Men carry everything on their backs and by poles. The porters are a strong happy set; they have a great cushion covered with leather-or rather a block covered with leather,- and this hangs over their shoulders by two straps like a knapsack, resting itself on the small of the back. On this block they pile furniture, barrels, cooking utensils, stones, and all the luggage you can think of. The weights they carry is something wonderful. A man will carry an immense bale of tow that he cannot lift [illegible] especially when you can see

himself. Some idea of the weight of these loads may be had from the fact that a porter fell down a day or two ago and his load crushed his head flat and disfigured him so he could not be recognised. Other and heavier loads are carried by men with poles. It is a fine sight to see eight muscular fellows dressed in the picturesque costume staggering along under the weight of a great cask of heavy metal of a hogs-head of wine. Dirt is carried by donkeys in little baskets hardly holding a half bushel, or on pack horses. A dozen of these animals will not carry so much as one tip cart. Water is carried by men in long leathern bags or on horses or donkeys in great square bags. Men also carry three casks hung on their back. Water is sold in the streets in various ways and I never before in Europe took more delight in water, never in my life loved water that is so far from cold. Somehow the water is very sweet and delicious and we drink it in preference to anything else. The streets are narrow and very badly kept so a carriage cannot go all about the city. Beautiful arab stallions are kept in the street to be ridden to any point of the city you may desire. The owner runs behind with a stick while you trot briskly along. There is a line of horsecars in Galata and also in "Stamboul" or Constantinople proper and a man runs along before the horses to keep people out of the way. I could write this book full describing the streets and the sights in them, but I will let the subject come up as it may.

Tuesday we took a turn through the Bosphorus in a steamer touching at several points on the Asiatic side then back on the European side to a village called Orta-keni. Thence we walked up over the hill round a small palace of the Sultan and down again to Beschiktasch and along to the Sultans new palace on the water's edge, an immense affair of white stone or marble with a harem twice as large as the sultan's residence. Further along on the water's edge is still another palace where his highness lives occasionally; here also is the same disproportion between the harem and the palace proper. The windows of the harem are all latticed on the lower part so they are easily recognized. We had seen signs of the appearance of the sultan all along on our walk, the military were awakened by a swiftly riding courier, carpets were spread on the steps of the kiosques and the palace, and when we got to the grand palace the street in the rear was all cleared, the horsecars were stopped, all travel suspended. In front of the magnificent gate a crowd was assembled and we

joined it. Military in gay uniforms, officers like gilded butterflies, prancing arabian steeds and all was like a tale out of the Arabian nights. Soon his majesty appeared in a closed carriage drawn by four iron grey horses and the gilded officers made a grand waving salute, the soldiers all made the same flourish with the right arm and body and the pageant passed like a flash. The sultan is forty three I believe but he looks like 60. His beard is kept close but it is white already. The perfect evening we spent walking along the heights and looking down upon the moonlit Bosphorus and the thousands of illuminated minarets. A view nowhere surpassed and nowhere equalled.

Wednesday we took a steamer and went across the corner of the sea of Marmora to one of the Princes Islands called Antigone and nicknamed America. Here Mr. Mertzanoff has his house, a tenement in an old monastery and we made ourselves at home very quickly. As the island affords nothing good to eat except sour milk we brought our luxuries with us and Caliope the cook made us a splendid dinner. I am half afraid to confess that after dinner we went immediately to sleep and only awoke in the early morning. After our coffee we took a caique and went to the next island to visit a Greek Commercial college with its curious old quadrangle and quaint and interesting chapel.

The great event of the week was on Friday; the Sultan goes to the mosque every Friday, but this being in Ramazan the ceremony was unusually brilliant. We found quite an assemblage in front of the palace but as we had an hour to wait we went and took a Persian déjeuner - grapes, country cheese and bread - Splendid grapes there are here as large as the first joint of my thumb and are eaten skins and all like Malagas. Up and down in front of the palace there were a great number of carriages filled with the ladies of the Harem veiled of course very thinly and dressed in brilliant colored silks. We were walking along - three of us, Maynard, a Greek and myself, when the Greek told me that one of the ladies was trying to get up a flirtation. I looked around and she nodded and smiled and waved her handkerchief. We had been previously warned not to attempt to flirt with the ladies because of the sure vengeance of the army of black chaps who saunter about to guard the fair ones. I couldn't resist giving an occasional sly signal back and we kept it up some time; finally she got a chance to speak and said in Turkish "follow me". Then we thinking it had gone about far enough went away. She had made her driver

people in the room beyond. A ride back to town in a caique finished the days sport; but no, not entirely, for that evening we went to the Greek theatre and saw a couple of Greek plays, and we were more amused than entertained for the language as spoken is not half as agreeable as the Hungarian and the acting was far inferior to that we saw in Kolozsvár.

One evening we had an unexpected call from our newly acquired Greek friend Constantine and we were delighted to hear that we could go into the palace of Tchereghan, the new one lately constructed by the Sultan, far surpassing any other he possesses. An apothecary friend of our friend often visits the establishment and is well acquainted with the porter who for the promise of three Myidies or about 15 francs agreed to let us see the palace. We had previously been once or twice to see about it, but at one time the Sultan or some of his family was there and no one could gain admission, at another time something else happened so we could never get in. But this last attempt was successful and we entered the long corridor at the back, about eight o'clock in the morning, and passing through the garden within the high walls we were shown up the broad steps and after taking off our shoes we entered an immense hall or saloon the whole width of the building. From this stairways, broad and massive, lead up to the apartments above and on the second floor are all the apartments worth seeing. The stair rails are inlaid with pearls, the doors are arched over with dovtailed black and white marble, the doors are all of beautiful inlaid work. A straw matting covers the floor everywhere and is without visible seam. Hastily taking note of these things we entered the grand reception room with columns at each end, beautiful silver candelabras ten feet high and walls and ceiling completely covered with ornamentation. The mouldings and cornices are all Superbly carved and the walls are painted by hand in very intricate and beautiful figures in different colors. The Sultan was displeased with a fine black line that was put around every form, so he has the whole saloon now being repainted just to leave out the black line - which is, by the way, invisible only upon close inspection. From this saloon we went to the bath, a suite of three rooms, viz: a boudoir, a siesta room and the bath proper. The later room is entirely of cool bluish white marble, floor, walls, ceiling, and is very chaste and beautiful with little but well chosen ornamentation. The light dimly falls from small round windows in the ceiling, and the place is the most beautiful of the whole

palace. Indeed as a bathroom it has no equal in the world. From this we went through the apartment where the nymphs who bath the Sultan await his orders, to the sleeping room and the breakfast room and the afternoon room. This latter is a sort of sitting room all gold and yellow. The curtains are heavy with sparkling metal, the furniture is rich and finely carved and the table a very magnificent piece of inlaid work and mosaic. With the exception of the curtains all the decorations and furniture are of Turkish production. Passing the private apartments of his Majesty, all dazzling and of indescribable magnificence, the heaviest curtains on the windows and beautiful colors, richness of ornamentation and wealth of color everywhere we came to the grand reception hall, an immense rectangular room with an inner rectangle sunk lower down and rows of columns around the steps, making a sort of promenade around a central rectangle where the ministers and potentates are received. The candelabras are of glass and beautifully made, standing very high and with places for hundreds of candles. The walls arches and ceiling are ornamented with the same profusion that characterises the rest of the palace.

Returning once more to our starting point we visited all the ladies apartments with the rooms of the mother of the Sultan, the bath, the saloon and sleeping apartment. Although very rich and beautiful the ladies apartments are very much plainer and less ornamental than the other rooms. However there was a splendor about them which surpasses the ordinary palaces. Of all the glories of the palace of Tchereghan I can describe scarcely one - no words can picture it, it must be seen. We came away with our eyes full of visions of gold, silver, rich drapery, beautiful architecture, superb apartments, and this prince of all the palaces in the world, more like a dream of the Arabian nights than the reality we saw, will always remain fresh in our memories.

Of the Grand Bazaar of Constantinople too much has been written for me to attempt a description of this curious place. It is a large area of ground with streets roofed in, a city within a city, a town under one roof. The shops are very small and full to overflowing, the only way to trade there is to offer one half the price asked and if the article is not given, to go away - nine times out of ten the merchant calls you back to give the goods for the price you set.

I made many excursions to Stamboul (Constantinople proper) and explored the place well, always wearing the fez because the

natives are likely to illtreat a European. A fire in the city anywhere is announced from one of the lofty towers which dominate the hills and the watchmen repeat the alarm continually. The machines are like our garden engines and are carried on the backs of the men who run followed by a howling crowd. It is a curious sight. The porters or Hamals form the firemens companies.

On Monday Novr 24 having obtained the requisite application for permission to visit the Mosques we went to the Sublime Porte at the office of the Minister of Foreign affairs and for a pound we obtained tickets to visit the chief mosques and the museums. We went immediately to visit St Sophia and were pleased beyond measure with the beautiful interior. It was originally a Greek church and the cross is seen everywhere. The magnificent columns from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the sweating pillar, always moist, the stone cradle of Jesus, the red carpets of Mahommed and the beautiful rich mosaics are among a few of the things to be seen there. The floor is all carpeted with beautiful Turkish carpets and the interior is much grander than Saint Peter's at Rome. A full description of the mosques would take too much space and I can only say that we were more than charmed with the interiors. All the other curious and interesting places, the old Roman cisterns, the tombs of the Sultans etc. etc. we had previously visited and the Mosques were the most interesting of all.

Tuesday Nov 25 we embarked on the S.S. Taormina of the Italian line and at sunset went straight into the face of the setting "orb of day". The second class cabin is very luxurious and Maynard and I had a state room to ourselves. At daybreak Wednesday morning we were in the Dardanelles. Who can imagine my feelings as I distinguished one after the other those spots which have figured in all my studies of the classics and form such centres of interest in the history of this country. The shores are desolate and the hills not fertile appearing. At Zestos and Abydos, where Xerxes made his bridge of boats, two little white low forts occupy the points of land which here project into the strait and form a narrow passage. Dardanelles, a small town with a great fort and another opposite, is in full sight of Sestos and Abydos. An hour further on we reached the mouth of the Samois of Homer and the land becoming low we could see a flat topped hill a few miles up the valley or plain, and here was ancient Troy. The sand spit where the Greeks drew up their boats is occupied by a

fort; across the Simois a mound marks Ajax's tomb, to the right of the little fort and behind the great fortification on the highland are three mounds, Achilles, Fistus and Patroclus' tombs. Rounding up the point we passed the ditch cut in the high cliff by Hercules who aided the Trojans to fight the pirates and were in sight of Imbros and Samothrace and Tenedos where the serpents who killed Laocoön and his sons came from. The whole day Wednesday we skirted the coast, outside Mitylene and at last a 1 o'clock Thursday a.m. we came to Smyrna.

The town is situated pasrtly on a flat and partly on a hillside at the foot of one of the prettiest gulfs I ever saw. We went ashore early in the forenoon and had great trouble with a Jew guide who wanted to show us the town. We bought tobacco in the bazar and thought we paid double and had a great fuss about it. The town is like Constantinople full of narrow dirty streets and the bazar is large and very interesting. Strings of camels crowd you in every street and the real life of the Orient is here. We wanted very much to visit the Temple of Diana at Ephesus and if we had known that we were to stay all day we would have remained ashore until dark at least. As it was we came aboard about one and lounged about in the sun and sketched all the afternoon.

When we went to sleep we were still taking on cargo. Bales of cotton were stowed all along the rail, each hold was crammed full of cargo and we were still putting on more. I heard the next morning that we left about 11¼, for I knew nothing until the boat stopped at the island of Chio about seven o'clock. This island is one of the most fertile in the archipelago and produces a great deal of fruit. From the open roadstead the town seems to nestle at the foot of great mountains and except in the immediate vicinity of the houses there are few trees in sight. To the East the hills and mountains of Asia seems close at hand and in fact the distance is very small. We took on a little fruit at Chio. Several peddlers came aboard with bottles of preserves and gum mastic to sell. The latter the people make a sort of drink of it by dissolving it in spirits. In fact this is the favorite drink with the Greeks and Turks. The Koran forbids to the latter the use of wine and so they drink mastic. The people chew mastic as we do spruce gum and it is far superior as I can testify. We spent all the day in going

across from Chios to Andros, and came to the straight between the latter isle and Eubea, about sunset. The Archipelago disappointed me. I had fondly imagined that the islands were very near together and that they were very fertile and picturesque to see. We found it just the reverse. The islands are by no means near together and are desolate and barren almost without exception. To be sure you can see across from Chio to Andros and from Andros the point of Greece proper is in sight, but these distances seem very long. On board we made the acquaintance of Mr Van Lenneps and son, the Consul General of the Netherlands at Piraeus, and we passed the day very pleasantly. I do not remember a more agreeable voyage; perfect weather, good living, fast boat and agreeable company, what could be added to these important items? That evening off the coast of Greece was a very lovely one. The moon was perfect, there was a fine warm South wind and we lay on deck and enjoyed the moonlight until very late.

When we awoke on Saturday morning, we were in the pretty little harbor of Piraeus and the boatmen were already quarrelling for the privilege of carrying passengers ashore. We took coffee, gave a hurried glance at Salamis to the West of us, and the blue mountains half hidden by clouds to the East and North, the Acropolis and the white houses of Athens in the distance, then we made a bargain with a boat man to carry us ashore. We were to give him a franc for the two and when we got on land he demanded a franc apiece - the regular game. We had a great deal of fuss about it and finally to avoid further delay we gave him a half a franc and went on. The railway is close at hand so we took tickets for Athens. Ten minutes ride through olive groves and over dry fields brought us into the city. The Acropolis rose before us and the temple of Theseus was near at hand. We could not realize that we were in Athens and that these were the real ruins and not some imitation toy affairs. We went to the Hotel de Paris and then set about visiting the ruins at once. We were deceived, and I may say disappointed in the distances all about. The places of interest are close together; Athens itself is very small and one could "do" the whole town in a day and the ruins in another. We found the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus and the adjacent arch of Adrian, and from there we went to the Acropolis and climbed up into it through the little modern entrance cut in the wall and up the marble steps of the Propylaeum to the little plateau on the summit. The Parthenon

stood before us! The ruin was not a surprise we were so familiar with it through the photographs. The color alone was new. All is of a rusty yellow with white spots where the marble is broken. All over the plateau the fragments of columns, pieces of statues and broken bits of marble in great confusion, and even with the plan in the guide book we could with difficulty make out the locations of the statues etc. etc. The walls of the Acropolis afford an excellent look out over the city and the houses are to all appearances directly underneath. The approaching rain drove us away and we had to defer our examination till a more favorable occasion.

Sunday we passed in walking about the town, visiting the stadium the other side of the Ilissus, and toward the middle of the afternoon we went up the sharp marble peak dominating the whole plain of Attica, Mount Lycabettus, and after a hard climb up the steep face of the marble cliff we came to a little stone chapel on the summit where an old priest lives alone and keeps the lights burning in front of the picture of Saint George. The summit is hardly two rods square and the angle of the sides of the peak are at least sixty degrees, the only approach being in a zigzag up the precipice. From this point we could see nearly all of Attica. Mt Pentelacus to the east which lies almost on the eastern seashore seemed right at hand and the great plain of Attica lay like a map under our feet. Far below was Athens with its boulevards and attempts at modernization and the Acropolis looked like a plaything or a cork model. The best part of Greece was in view and across the bay we could see the peninsular of Peloponnesus where Sparta is, and over the hills on Salamis the isthmus of Corinth was in plain view. I never felt better repaid for a climb in my life and from the panorama gained a much better idea of the country than I should have by riding all over it.

The details of a week spent in Athens would little interest; day after day we wandered round among the ruins, visited the Temples and the theatres and studied them all in turn. The excavations of the Via Sacra with some fine tombs was very interesting. Every fine morning we took our boxes and sat upon the steps of the tribune on the Pnyx and made a sketch of the Acropolis. A few drawings here and there also took up some of our time, and had the weather been warmer we should have made a study in the theatre of Bacchus as the old carved seats and the beautiful fragments grouped wonderfully together to make an interesting study. On

Wednesday we made an excursion to Piraeus to see the tomb of Themistocles. The four miles between Athens and the sea is short enough and as this comprised all the railroading now possible in Greece one may say he has been the whole length of the Grecian railways and the journey would not take more than seven minutes. Piraeus is altogether modern and the little rocky peninsular that hides the town from the sea is one immense quarry of the ancients. All around this peninsular following the windings of the shore are still seen traces of the old walls that surrounded Piraeus and joined the long walls that led to Athens. In some places quite a wall is standing, and in others only the two channels that were cut in the rock to serve as foundation for the fine masonry that made the exterior and the interior faces of the wall are visible. It is said that the walls were ~~thirty~~ 30 feet high and it puzzled us to know - as indeed all the other ruins have - what has become of all the material used in the construction of the gigantic defenses. After travelling all over the promontory and scrambling for an hour among the quarries we came at last to the point jutting out into the gulf nearest the island of Salamis and in full view of the channel where was fought the great naval battle nearly 2400 years ago. Here cut in the rock where every wave rushed into it was a rectangular hole full of water and overgrown with grass. The remnants of a stone coffin are seen among the grass and this is the tomb of the great warrior. Around lie the fragments of great columns cut in soft stone, remnants of some temple. What a resting place for a naval hero in full view of the scene of his greatest exploits and claimed equally by the land and the sea! The temperature at Piraeus was much warmer than at Athens as we found when we landed again under the Acropolis and felt the chill winds blow from the mountains. Such a blue sky and blue water I never have seen anywhere. Intensely deep and rich blue, genuine ultramarine was the water, and the sky, instead of reflecting in the water, seemed to be a purer finer echo of the wealth of blue in the sea. At the hotel we met an old Greek gentleman, the agent of the British and foreign bible society, Koulouriotes by name, who took us to see several Greek artists. One of them, Gysis, exhibited among the Germans in the Vienna Exposition and we were surprised enough to find sketches of pictures we knew well enough in a small studio in an obscure street in Athens. The artist, a young man about 33 years of age, has studied in Munich and

entrance to the harbour before it began to

intends returning there. He has a great deal of talent and is hidden away altogether in Athens. Of course he was delighted to have appreciative visitors and we passed an hour very pleasantly there.

On Friday we went to call on Mr. Schliemann, the gentleman who has spent three years in excavating the site of ancient Troy. - He showed us a collection of gold and silver utensils and ornaments which he found there and which he claims are the remains of the treasure of Priam. Beside these he has several rooms full of myriads of curious earthen vessels of every size and shape, many of them ornamented with a rude representation of the "owl headed Minerva" and a large proportion of them of a form quite unique and unlike anything I have ever before seen. The collection was intensely interesting and Dr. Schliemann's remarks very entertaining. He is a German by birth and speaks English with a strong accent yet he claims to be American. There are a great many German Americans in Europe who talk about what "we Americans think and do" in a manner to digust America for tolerating such adopted citizens. In fact Germans consider America is a colony of Great Britain redeemed and civilized by Germans. There is no greater boaster and brag than an Americanized German and it is strange to see how quickly he forgets his Vaterland to curse and condemn all foreigners who do not accord with his stagy artificial caricatured American ideas. But I won't run on too long on these Germans as a class and Americanized Germans one and all.

But I haven't told how the Greeks are dressed. The majority dress in the European costume but all the peasants and many of the higher class wear a peculiar costume. The men wear leggings of blue or black cloth cut so as to cover the shoe and ornamented with tassels and embroidery. A white skirt very full and reaching to the knees stands out fan like in all directions; a vest of blue or black with bell buttons and tassels and a jacket with open sleeves attached at the back of the armhole only and with a flap to cover the hand. A high fez of red falls down behind weighted by a great blue tassel and red shoes turned up at the toes with a tassel on the point. The women wear also the fez stuck jauntily on one side and a tassel with a gold cord. Sometimes the men's dress is of red stuff with gold embroidery and it is always more or less embroidered. A couple of old Greeks, man and wife in the national costume is a fine sight and the dress has much character. The People who wear the dress are for the most part braves so called and among them are

a great many young men. Athens is making great endeavours to recover her prestige. Modern buildings constructed of marble after the style of the temples are erecting on every side. Architecture totally unfit for modern requirements is made use of at an immense expense simply to make a vain endeavor to rebuild Athens as she once was. Millions of dollars are spent in this way that would be much more profitably laid out in schools that Greeks might learn to study other nations and fashion themselves after their pattern, not to waste their energies in vainly trying to go back two thousand years instead of advancing with the century.

Saturday Dec 6th we engaged passage in the Italian steamer which comes from Odessa and goes to Marseilles touching at Palermo. For this latter port we took our tickets and we went to Piraeus in a carriage expecting to find the steamer in the port. There was one to be sure and the boatman rowed us off to it but it was the Brindisi boat which lay awaiting the Palermo one. Nothing to do but wait and so we waited all that day and the boat did not come. We took a room in a little inn and in the innocence of our hearts and by the light of a very dim and decidedly primitive olive oil arrangement we went to bed. I lay about ten minutes and got up, killed 16 bugs (Oh horrors!) and sat up reflecting. It was late at night and the other hotels were likely to be quite as bad. Maynard got up and we took a look. I refrain from entering into details. I have seen awful sights in England but not the shadow of what we saw in Piraeus that night. After sitting one hour I put the light down upon the floor and armies that were marching toward my chair from all quarters of the room turned and fled. I can't bear to think of that night and will not prolong this tale only saying that we sat up in the chairs with our feet drawn up away from the floor all night long and with the first dawn left the vicinity. We waited impatiently all the forenoon sleeping on the rocks near Themistocles tomb with one eye always on the signal staff to watch the announcemnt of an arrival from the sea. No steamer! All the afternoon we waited and still no boat. Then the Brindisi boat began to get up steam and we bethought ourselves of changing our tickets and taking them for Brindisi which we did without delay and got aboard a few moments before the boat left.

It was nearly dark as we got up anchor and we had not left the two lights that beaconwise guard the entrance to the harbour before it began to

storm and we ran out into the bay in a driving cold rain. The next morning we were off Sparta or rather in the bay of Marathonisi near the island of Cerigo. The wind blew a gale and the bleak mountains were white with snow. We passed Cape Matapan about 11 o'clock and all day long skirted the shore of the Gulf of Arkadia trying to get under the lee of the land as the cold gale was blowing from shore. A more desolate land and more barren soil than this part of Greece was never seen. The shores are very hilly and the hills are all solid rock with no vestige of foliage or verdure. At long intervals little villages are seen nestled in among the great barren slopes and here a bit of grass and a few trees broke the horrid grey desolation of the surrounding ruggedness. Things are very much on end, so to speak - there is hardly a square rod of level ground to be seen anywhere. How human beings can live on such a soil it is difficult to discover. Goats it is said are the curse of Greece. They are kept in great herds and devour every bit of green, trees and all, in the whole country. We had one of these devastators on the steamer, - tan colored, with ears like a rabbit, eyes set very near the top of his head, long hair on his legs and the picture of surprised innocence, this creature ate tobacco like fun, and the fingers of old gloves alternated with sheets of white paper furnished a substantial meal for him. We tried his capacity and his tastes and found both unlimited. We were pitched about so much all day that M. and I were the only ones who attended meals and he had a little difficulty to eat his allowance. All night long we jumped about like a fishing boat. It was almost impossible to sleep at all. The seas broke over her and made a great racket, drenched our stateroom and broke the things in the cabin. When I went on deck in the early morning and stuck my head out of the cabin door everything was white with foam; now and then a great mass of spray would hide the wheelhouse from my view. Choosing my moment I started aft; a gust of wind took me along the wet decks in spite of all I could do and at full tilt I brought up in the passage way. From that point it was a grand sight to see the vessel ride the immense waves, now taking a plunge under one and then rising like a duck above them. It was strange that so much sea should be raised so under the lee of the land but the gale was very severe. When I came up we were near the island of Ithaca or beyond it and near Prévésa and Actium. White mountains were seen all along shore and to the north

the peaks of the island of Corfu were in plain sight. Past the island of Paxoi and anti-Paxoi, along the shore of Corfu, a long island, shortly after noon we came to a fertile part of the island and here we saw a point with fortifications which we recognized as Corfu.

It was then noon on Wednesday that we came to anchor among a fleet of ships tossing about on the waves of the small harbor unprotected toward the point whence came the wind. The town is quite curious but not picturesque. The position of it is peculiar. It is built on a semi-circular little bay the eastern end being a high rocky point with a strong castle and the West being guarded by a similar defense. The houses are built along the quay ten feet or more above the water and the hill is covered with houses giving the appearance of a smart little town nestled between two forts. The surrounding country seems fertile enough and there is a great deal of fruit grown there. If the Austrian boat had arrived we should have departed immediately but we were obliged to wait for the mail and could not depart under 24 hours so we slept that night in quiet - no not quite for they were taking in cargo nearly all night and the rattle of the steam winches disturbed our dreams.

In the forenoon of the next day, Wednesday, I went ashore in one of the numerous boats that came alongside to bring provisions or cargo and explored the town for an hour or two. It seems to be the perfection of watering places; a fine view out upon the channel and a breeze always across the water; beautiful drives and a shady park with views of the sea and of the fortifications, these are the principal attractions of the place. The streets are narrow and the houses are generally built with arcades upon the street which give a picturesque look to the place while in reality there is little attractive in the architecture. The largest houses are hotels and this class of buildings is very extensive; every second door seems to be a hotel. Italian and Greek are spoken about equally and very many of the people know English and French. Altogether Corfu is a good place for a summer residence for a man of leisure but not for one who likes change and movement for there is little of either element in the society there. Towards night the Austrian boat came in and we waited an hour or two to take on the mails and then we took up anchor and left the harbor passing out by the narrow channel to the northward between the island and the mainland. The night was quite still and when we came on deck in early morning we could see the

shore of Italy in the horizon - a simple line of low flat shore not even a sand bank as high as the "dunes" of Holland. Little white towers glisten at intervals along this line and even these hardly hint that land is there but seem more like distant sails.

A grey old fort and curious signal tower on top mark the entrance of the harbor of Brindisi. We rounded the artificial breakwater, now in process of construction, about nine o'clock and went into the inner port between banks green with rushes and found the town a grey quiet old cluster of buildings on a hill and along the water edge, with a horseshoe shaped harbor around it. Everything had a sort of rustic look- the city is out of place in such quiet, peaceful surroundings. For a wonder we came alongside a quay - strange experience for us! and were not long in landing and coming up to the customhouse and passing the examination. Brindisi is the dullest driest most dead and alive place to be found in the civilized world. There is absolutely nothing to be seen there, we walked for blocks without meeting a soul. A stranger is a sight to behold and all the inhabitants turn out to see him. I went to call on the American consul a certain Mr.Kingman who came over on the steamer with me and I found he had been dead two years. He drank himself to death and it is not to be wondered at at all for one must have some occupation in such a place and anything to take up time, even slow poisoning, would be merry I should judge, to the poor wretches who are so unfortunate as to be appointed consuls there. We amused ourselves with the beggars and the commissionaires who abound there and give one a hint of what Italy is. The day went slowly enough, however, and we were not sorry when it came the hour of departure. The steamer of the Oriental Company came in from Alexandria and the English flocked to the station on their way home, brown with Eastern travel but always perfect Englishmen with the same speech and actions. The night was cold and it came in dark soon after we left Brindisi so we did not see much of the country and slept very uncomfortably in a second class car.

The first grey dawn showed forests or great plantations of trees with festoons of grapevines - a novel mode of grape cultivation for us at least, and about seven o'clock I saw in the distance the blue peak of Vesuvius with a little curl of smoke from the top, and shortly we were in Naples. We drove to a hotel and settled ourselves. Our first impression of Italy was far from

agreeable . The people are very impolite even decidedly rude to strangers and consider all visitors as lawful prey. In fact this is the custom in all Italy. They scruple not to rob you of five centimes or fifty francs. The cabdrivers pester you wherever you go and make your life miserable. Beggars abound and laugh at you if you give to much and curse you if you give too little. The landscape is of the milk and water class altogether. Always blue or pink distances and a great monotony of color and weakness of line. Nor is it altogether as sunny as I imagined it would be. But it was winter to be sure. At Naples our journey virtually ended for we were near the base of supplies. In my letters I have spoken of Naples as we saw it so I will not dilate on it here now. In this diary I have hinted at but a part of the most interesting portion of our study on the journey, - that is the transition from country to country from one race to another. This change in language, customs and dress is by far the most entertaining and instructive element in such a voyage and to watch and study this change formed one of my principal occupations en route. This diary has been written not so much to give you my impressions of the people we have seen, although you may find occasional suggestions of this character, but more to give a little idea of our life while travelling. I neither had leisure nor inclination to write out at length my impressions, for crowding so much into the short space of two months very little time was had for reading or writing and a great deal of all this in fact has been written out of my sleep. As such I hope you will take it for what it is worth comparatively and not for its intrinsic value as a literary or artistic composition and will enjoy it in proportion to the desire to amuse you that prompted me to write it. I have felt more than once like tearing it up and renouncing the writing of a diary but am glad now that I have kept record of such an instructive and amusing tour.

FINIS.